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# PARASITE

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## LEGAL

COCAINE TRUE, COCAINE BLUE
Eugene Richards
(Aperture)

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY
Donna Ferrato
(Aperture)

Shrill voices that slide down the back of your neck and circle around your ass-crack and balls. Waltzes and boys and fresh cheeked reds; all blonde bobs and thin and clear eyes.

And your warped little lust tells you: sly, aware and wanting. And though you know their innocence works against you, it's that very -reticence, or maybe refusal- that provides the overwhelming drive, the frenzy, the heat at the tip of that rock hard hard-on to see that skinny budding poking flesh underneath those long Viennese robes. Angels.

They don't know. They don't even think about it or anything near it. It's much purer. Real and honest and packaged exactly the way that old thick fag bags like Menudo can never be.

No wet, tight, full swimming trunk baskets.

No Mexican sliding smiles and rough wirey hair. No pinched cheeks and instructions.

And so the drive shifts. Choirboys equal sucking and tasting and fucking all the way to ripping and crying and fucking smashing those blonde heads into meaty boney shrieking pulp. Shrill screams and Viennese begging and shock and the thinnest, boniest, crumbling and peeling blood bath just pouring and running all over your hot cock as you lean further back and jerk, stroke, squeeze, jerk, jerk, pull.

Little baby boy blues and blondes: uncircumcised and small and tight; miniature and bunched up like a shy surprise.

And those voices on CD in fucking Austrian or German or Italian or whatever it is this time, is as close to the screams and moans and coughs and pleases as you're going to get. And the photos are the same ones over and over again.

Hermann Nitsch understands, doesn't he? Catharsis and abreaction and instinct and all the other reasons to sell a photo of some asshole drenched in blood and cow/lamb/ox guts with the carcass crucified above.

And that'll do it for now.

Just knowing it should be a younger boy. Dead from some mishap or murder or disease, but hung up for now, oozing all over your cock and tired muscles.

NANCY BUCHANAN: Have you done, then, the pieces at the end -with the cadavers? Human cadavers?

HERMANN NITSCH: No. But I will do it. It's only a question of time, a question of possibilities. Because for

In retrospect it seems clear that Lisa was in urgent need of help. Some of the signs were relatively subtle- like the long-sleeved, high-necked shirts she'd wear on the worst days of summer (the better to cover her black-and-blue marks) or the diapers that this clever first grader would be wrapped in at home. But others were more obvious: her general dishevelment, her increasing moodiness and fearfulness, the facial bruises that mounted in the last month or so. Looking back, it remains hard to figure how everyone missed her.

(LISA, HEDDA & JOEL, Sam Ehrlich, St. Martin's Press, 1989)

My beautiful golden baby. I had sent her to her death as surely as if I had strapped her into the electric chair and pulled the switch. Stupid fool! While I was dreaming of museum visits and pink party dresses and tea at the Plaza, those two had been beating her, they brutalized her until they beat the very life out of her. What kind of person batters a child to death with his bare fists? What kind of people had I sent my baby to?

every medicine student, it's allowed to work with the dead human body. Why should it not be allowed for an artist? I think there is no difference between an artist and a medical student. (HIGH PERFORMANCE, Sept. 1978)

The boy's body has been bathed in hot and lukewarm water and anointed with oil. Number 0 nails the boy to the wall above the bed as if crucified (the boy's feet are 50cm above the bed). A nail is driven through each of the boy's hands and feet. Blood and water ooze out of the wounds and flow down over the wall. (ORGIEN MYSTERIAN THEATER, Hermann Nitsch, Marz Verlag, 1969)

Ever sucked off a young boy?

Ever try to squeeze a finger into a clenched fused tiny puckered hole?

Ever lick out the spit in his tiny toothed mouth while your fat head just completely blacked out his entire life?

Grope. Pulled with two fingers and palmed. Fingered. Spread. Forced and fucked and spewed too quick. Tasted and swallowed and ran a fat flat tongue rape up the side and every crevice and bend.

Bathe in his blood and pain and lifelessness.

Strangle and stomp and buttfuck again and again, such a small cold messy untouched pale corpse. Stained and bruised and defiled. Little angel.

Take photos.

Masturbated, thinking open the flood gates god 'cause it can't get any closer than this. Cummed while running the same image through the front of your rapid-fire brain: cry, cry, cry all naked and hurt and screaming crying. Those little boys sing their little expensive hearts out. So dear.

Ever fuck a coked out nigger's thin skinned head. Had her watch as you unzipped and unbuttoned and tugged out a flacid dead meat dick while you wondered where her kids are now, her pimp, her last jolt was when?

Had her dry hole that thing with her rotten green teeth and sandpaper short tongue. Her long bony cut and dried prune fingers with their thick yellow-grey nails scratch and pull, one by one, automatically, absentmindedly, naturally, your fat smelly hairy balls.

Thin crack whore, rock hard and dumb on a garbagey ghetto street -with her zombie beaten non-stare and buck fucking teeth. Painful cheek bones and weak knees, ghastly brillo hair and grasping hands.

MELISSA: I FEEL THIS...I THINK THIS...THE HIGH. THE HIGH, IT FEELS GOOD. MY BABY WAS NOT ADDICTED WHEN HE WAS BORN. THE BABY'S WALKIN', WALKIN'. DAYTIME HE STAY WITH HIS FATHER AND I SEE HIM EVERY DAY. RIGHT NOW I'VE BEEN UP FOR FOUR DAYS ON THE STREET, DATING. I JUST GO FOR A WALK AND I HAVE A HIT. DEPENDS ON WHAT THEY WANNA DO, I DO IT ALL. THEY GIVE ME TIPS AND THEY DO COME BACK. TWENTY DOLLARS FOR A BLOW JOB, FORTY DOLLARS FOR A FUCK. THE BLOW JOB'S THROUGH A CONDOM.

I'M FIFTEEN. I'VE BEEN ON THE STREETS SINCE I WAS TEN.

Another shot of another crack beast, another whore, another nigger. This one unbuckling a man's pants while a baby crawls loosely at her back. Her dead black oily skin stretched across her skull where her teeth clench and grit like every painful minute.

KERRY, A FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD PROSTITUTE, RENTED THE COUCH IN MICHAEL AND LOUISE'S ROOM FOR FIVE DOLLARS AN HOUR, THEN CHARGED REGULAR CUSTOMERS TWENTY DOLLARS, PAYABLE IN CASH OR DRUGS. WHEN MEN TOUCHED HER OR TRIED TO KISS HER, THE VACANT (I WISH YOU DIDN'T KNOW MY NAME, Michele Launders and Penina Spiegel, Warner Books, 1990)

At the age of six, Lisa Steinberg weighed forty-three pounds. She had big hazel eyes and red hair. If she had ever grown up, people would have called her an Irish beauty. The fine shoulder-length hair hadn't been shampooed for a long time; it was terribly tangled and matted. It hid a large red bruise on the right temple that would be discovered in the emergency room at the hospital, along with two other large fresh bruises on her jaw and the back of her head.

Filangeri had noticed a very ominous sign right after the stretcher was carried into St. Vincent's. Gearity saw it too: The child's pupils were not equal; the right was larger than the left, an indication of a problem with the brain. The two men looked at each other, and Filangeri shook his head and said in a low voice, "It just happened now." (WHAT LISA KNEW, Joyce Johnson, Putnam, 1990)

Somewhere in the middle between NATURAL BORN KILLERS and pricey polaroids of red faced little children exposing their genitals to old men in LA, is an imitation underground. From here spring magazines, music and art that pretends to be iconoclastic, dangerous and sexually

Oh, they'd be famous, wouldn't they.

They were so handsome.

And polite.

And charming. And industrious. Real young men.

And how nice they didn't grow up to disappoint.

That lovely shot of dear little Lisa Steinberg. The one that brought together a Nation to battle child abuse and wife battering and coked out lawyer lunatics.

Lovely little girl sitting at her little school desk in school photo color or tabloid black and white. Staring into fucked and brutalized fog with all that manic day to day information and tiny details jumping behind those glassy blank eyes and soft cheeks, thin lips and dirty hair.

Lisa's mom -stepmom or whatever name is most appropriate for the hulking mistake known as Hedda Nussbaum- turns up again in LIVING WITH THE ENEMY.

Full page shot of her wreckage and Joel Steinberg's living battery tirades.

Puffy ugly doomed face that's supposed to moan all the evangelical tones in the endless captions. All Donna Ferrato's heartfelt drive, idealism and strife. Her narcissism and pouty atruistic refinement.

Bruised and shrieking women, bloody and pointing women, scarred and hollow women, nurtured and healing women. And the chimeras and dreams and silliness and hopes and reciprocity that most probably enflames and propagates the problems these women impotently seek to overcome.

AT THAT TIME, THE PITTSBURGH SHELTER WAS LOCATED IN THE BASEMENT OF A SEMINARY. THE WALLS WERE PEELING AND THE FLOOR WAS DAMP. SUNSHINE RARELY FILTERED THROUGH THE BARRED WINDOWS, AND WHEN IT DID THE RAYS REVEALED A FOG OF CIGARETTE SMOKE. BABIES CRIED AS MOTHERS TOOK TURNS WITH COOKING AND CHORES. NEVERTHELESS, THIS WAS A WONDERFULLY SUPPORTIVE ENVIRONMENT. THE WOMEN BECAME LIKE SISTERS, CUTTING ONE ANOTHER'S HAIR, READING BOOKS TO THE CHILDREN, DANCING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT WITH THE RADIO AT FULL VOLUME, TAKING TURNS MAKING GRAND DINNERS. MOST OF THE TIME THE SHELTER WAS FILLED WITH LIVELY CHATTER. BUT A GNAWING SENSE OF FEAR WAS ALWAYS PRESENT. (...) THEY CLUNG TO EACH OTHER WITH LOVE AND FEAR.

The motherly care of us all; particularly the wives and mothers who get sucked into a world they couldn't control and merely adapted to, or the economic down-trodden born as criminals into prisons, whose only refuge from daily pain and blunt confusion is mind numbing blankness misunderstood as euphoria. Just like you thought. Perhaps what you dreamt about.

The details are there. The images pornographic in a protected way. Delicately framed snaps with all the heavy handed affrontery of an artistic autopsy. The reasoning typical and televisioned. The morals high and careful and fake. And the access impressive only in what you imagine the authors had to deal with to get there.

AS WE TALKED, I BEGAN TO UNDERSTAND THAT HEDDA HAD ENDURED YEARS OF PHYSICAL TORTURE, PRECEDED BY YEARS OF SKILLFULL PSYCHOLOGICAL ABUSE AND MENTAL ATTRITION. BY THE TIME STEINBERG FIRST HIT HER, HE HAD ALREADY CONVINCED HEDDA THAT SHE DESERVED IT. AFTER A WHILE, SHE COULD FIND NO ESCAPE AND NO HELP. SHE BECAME A LIVING CORPSE.

The words and images that are supposed to be the battering ram back. The feet on the steps at Washington, the handcuffs on the high nigger, wasted trailer trash and drunk spic ghetto sludge, the trigger beneath the cop's cap and teacher's chalk.

TODAY HEDDA LIVES ALONE IN A SMALL SECLUDED HOUSE, CUT OFF FROM EVERYONE SHE LOVED. HER FINANCIAL SITUATION IS PRECARIOUS; OFTEN SHE TURNS TO TEMPORARY SECRETARIAL AGENCIES FOR WORK. SHE CONTINUES TO ATTEND BATTERED-WOMEN'S MEETINGS.

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY features a close-up of Hedda's despondent puffed out maw. And another of Hedda, sad and glassy, walking in the snow -alone, we are to assume, except for Ms. Ferrato and her camera.

The front cover of LISA, HEDDA & JOEL by Sam Ehrlich also has a shot of Hedda's punched up head. Then there's that photo of Lisa. And a simply gorgeous little family snap of a pretty, smiling and thin Hedda holding little Lisa as a chubby happy baby.

Sweet Sexy Things In Super Hardcore Action!
Eager To Learn, Willing To Try Anything!

Coast To Coast presents the third installment of one of Afroerotica's best selling series, Black Velvet. Dominique returns to her starring role, backed by the horniest cocoa puffs in porn. And a black director who knows how to shoot them. Do not be fooled by imitations. The original is back. In the Black.

AVN wisely published a Savannah "film and videography" alongside their "NEWS OF SAVANNAH'S SUICIDE STUNS INDUSTRY" reportage. SCREW's David Aaron Clark quoted Savannah's manager as saying: "Her sex on film was never that wild. She was just so gorgeous to look at. She wanted to get out of this business and had not made a film in seven months." And, at the close of his obituary, Mr. Clark was good enough to remember: "Savannah was also legendary for sucking off mulatto Guns N' Roses lead guitarist Slash in Greenwich Village rocker haunt the Scrap Bar two years ago."

Shannon blowing her head up with a gun in her garage, crying over-A)money problems B)concerns over her broken nose C)porn ennui -creates a whole new picture. A brand new market. Just as unreal as before but maybe a little closer to the bone you're in the mood for tonight.

"Bo also had a penchant for older men, like Traynor, who is now 52. 'They can teach me so many things', says Bo, 'like etiquette, and how to be perky so people will like me, and how to be the cutest and glamourest I can so I can turn on an audience.' Traynor became her lover and her manager, and one of his first tasks as the latter was 'to create the need for a product that didn't exist yet'." (INSIDE MARILYN CHAMBERS, GQ, 1987)

Smile for the camera.
Put your arm around her.
Get closer.
Say fucking cheese.
Years from now, you'll be very happy you've got this.
This only happens once in a lifetime.
Can you believe how lucky we were to have the camera there. And ready?
Look how cute you were then.
She looks really happy.
She looked really happy then.

That's a great shot. Pout. Moan. Now lick. Act like you want it, for fuck's sake. Yeah, do it. Do it. Give it to her. Don't roll your eyes like that. Hide that belly. Your breasts look horrible from that angle. Your forehead is shining.

"Suspect Kenneth Hansen, 61, sits in the Grand Central Area police headquarters Friday." (Chicago Tribune 8/13/94)

"At a news conference, State's Atty. Jack O'Malley (left) and Police Supt. Matt Rodriguez display a photo of Hansen." (Chicago Tribune 8/13/94)

39 years of memories.

Three boys: Robert Peterson, 14, John Schuessler, 13, and Anton Schuessler, 11 -murdered- sexually abused, strangled and dumped in a forest preserve- 39 years ago. October 16, 1955.

"Horseman and stable owner" Robert Hansen is charged with all three murders, finally, on August 12, 1994.

Photos of Hansen with his wife and son, all banal smiles. No glint, no sign.

Photos of the three boys smiling in school-type photos. No idea. Untouched.

"The Schuessler boy's father, Anton Sr., died of a heart attack a month after the murders. Their mother, Eleanor, remarried, to Valentine "Bud" Kujawa.

On her dresser, she always kept a photograph of the boys and one bronzed baby shoe of each. She died in 1986 and was buried beside her boys in a River Grove cemetery. Her stepson, Gary Kujawa, a telephone repairman, said she was often reminded of the murders." (Chicago Tribune 8/13/94)

Fucked them.
Strangled them.

Beat them and raped their boys' holes amid shock and fear and tears and blubbery wailing. Frightened genitalia and tight bony chests, round boy ass globes and virginal surprise. Shitting. Scraping. Cumming. Slaps and soaked underwear.

Where would the boys be now?
What do you think they'd be, honey?

EXPRESSION ON HER FACE NEVER CHANGED. IT WAS ONLY WHEN SHE WAS PULLING ON A CRACK PIPE THAT HER EYES MOISTENED, TEARED UP, AND BECAME UNFOCUSED.

NOTHIN' BUT TRICKS. YOUNG KIDS, THEY COME UP TO YOU, "DO YOU WANT ANY COMPANY? DO YOU WANT ANY COMPANY? TEENAGERS, MY SON'S AGE. AND I SAY TO 'EM, I SAY, "BABY, YOU ALL BE CAREFUL", 'CAUSE THAT'S WHERE THEY KILLED THEM GIRLS. THEY NAILED VALERIE TO A WALL. THEY FOUND HER NAILED TO A WALL. NAILED. I'M SAYIN' NAILED, HAMMERS AND EVERYTHING. NAILED TO A WALL.

All the images you want to see but stay well the fuck away from. Shots of kids' empty faces and frozen minds. AIDS. Crying howls, bloody arrests and dank crack hubbles. Filth and loss and dysgenic confusion. Fried and burning faces with scars and babies and mamas and pimps. Sexual abuse on cheap sale. A single-minded meditation on drug rat pain.

The nigger whores don't have squashed cocks in their mouths. They aren't squatting on fat beer bellied reject laps in truck cabs. They aren't getting their ugly pig faces splashed and slashed while their babies are being slammed against project walls; exploding the life out of their babyface stained t-shirts and rank diapers.

LAST NIGHT IF SASHA HADN'T HELPED HER, THE DRUGS WOULD HAVE KILLED MERI. SHE SHOT HEROIN, THEN SMOKED ALL DAY LONG. WHEN SHE SAID SHE DIDN'T FEEL WELL, SASHA HELPED HER TO THE BATHROOM. SHE TOOK TWO VALIUMS, ANOTHER HIT OF CRACK, AND STOPPED BREATHING. HER EYES ROLLED BACK AND BOOM -HER HEAD HIT THE SINK.

Eugene Richards combines his photos with interviews and observations. He includes work by TIME/LIFE correspondent Edward Barnes and Harlem AIDS physician Stephen W. Nicholas. Naturally, any sense of reality will be depressingly sullied by a cheap humanistic gloss. A remove steeped in suburban ideological ineptitude instead of dirty voyeurism.

The focus is on dirt. Niggers. Trash. The dead and worthless. Destruction and desperation, economic entropy and dishonest ineffectual emotionalism. COCAINE TRUE, COCAINE BLUE slums ghettos and LIVING WITH THE ENEMY slums love.

Smarmy therapy groups and their hand holding tearful claws. The wrong doctor. The pervert psychologist, the insidious impulse and drooly, foolish AIDS distress. Women helping women.

Mom hears the breezy words drift by in and out of the grey. This housefly. This protected little insect. The seat starts to harden. Little fuck-up wants to know about the past. I should lean over and tell the shit about how I sucked all those cocks when I was a kid. How about all the different kinds of hairy asses I watched pump and push between my sore skinny stretched spread-all-the-way-out-to-the-wall legs and reeking cunt by trying to focus on the mirror above the bed just to test how gin soaked my brain was at that very minute. You know how I look at a guy and I guess how his dick'll taste on my tongue and if I'm gonna have to worry about crabs the rest of the night?

And you think I give a fuck if your drunk drone dad spits a mouthful of greasy runny soup at me? Do I fuck? I've had more sweat and cum and piss-soaked floor slide across these saggy sucked-out tits and hung rooster face than you'll ever care to count, pussy.

"Oh honey. I just don't like to talk about it. It wasn't that bad. Mistakes and ...it just...I really would rather not talk about it. Don't worry now. I was confused and

adventurous but, in reality, are nothing more than tantrums from little frail or fat nerds angry that their parents can't live up to the ecumenical hippie values both generations hold as ideal. This middle ground, labeled underground only due to the slight attention and bemused acceptance paid to it by the populis, had a budding and now extinguishing interest in serial killers, and murder, just like more degenerative sex, has gained a PC nod as transgressive or (worse) acceptably desperate psychopathic trauma.

These weak weepy mice with books and tattoos need to talk about their drugged out selves and prostitute friends just after they've finished commiserating on the rough rent in bad neighborhoods and expensive music (low-fi, homo-core fat teen dykes with hideous fat breasts, psych/surf and G.G. Allin was or wasn't a Nazi).

BEN IS DEAD (summer '94, issue #24) has the usual mopes explaining themselves yet again but, due to this issue being the "black" issue, editor Darby has recorded her friends dealings with John Gacy. Darby is concerned about Gacy's popularity among the alienated but, fashion trooper that she is, soldiers on and comes up with some interesting additions to the lore that Gacy's fantasies have created:

young and nothing was so bad. I'm sure you make it much more worse. And I know I probably make it look worse by not talking about it, but honestly honey, my mom and dad weren't happy and I wanted to get out. I wasn't happy. And I was young and ...it's not so dark, honey, my life was never that bad."

How do those pictures look now that you know. That photo of your mom and dad smiling and holding hands and loving and laughing. His arm around her back and her enjoying it.

And her smile and glint and blush. Can you see those fat drunk cocks stuffed in and out of that mouth and her head turning to the floor to hock out the puddle of cum some ten dollar tit feeler laughed into her throat and in the bottom of her gut? What's underneath that dress, pressed into that bra and hidden tight in the loose cellulite dotted ass cheeks forced into the panties your dad bought for her.

Those actions. Those empty explanations and cheap anecdotes. The vivid documentation. The supportive dilettantism. The prurience and love.

"If you noticed the black and blue marks on my body in the movie, DEEP THROAT, you might have wondered where they came from. I'll tell you. My husband. Little souvenirs, reminders that he was the colonel and I was the private. From the time I met him, I never did anything, said anything, or went anywhere that was not his idea. That might have been okay, if I had been willing." (THE INTIMATE DIARY OF LINDA LOVELACE, Linda Lovelace, Heinrich Hanau, 1975)

"Chuck was making a phone call when Gerry Damiano came over to speak to me. His eyes went right to my legs.

OH, FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! He said. WHAT'S THAT ALL ABOUT?

What?

THOSE BRUISES ALL OVER YOUR LEGS, WHAT'RE THEY ALL ABOUT?

They're just bruises. I can't talk about them.

WELL, I CAN, he said. THOSE BRUISES HAPPEN TO BE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN TO COVER THEM UP, BUT THEY'LL SHOW UP IN THE MOVIE. I MEAN, ONE REASON YOU GOT THIS JOB -BELIEVE IT OR NOT, LINDA, THIS IS THE MAIN REASON -IS THAT YOU LOOKED SO FRESH AND YOUNG. SO INNOCENT. HOW INNOCENT ARE YOU GOING TO LOOK WITH THOSE MARKS ALL OVER YOUR BODY?" (ORDEAL, Linda Lovelace, Berkley, 1980)

Gerry Damiano: "I was in my glory. I knew I was doing something that was great. There was never a doubt in my mind, from the moment when I first chose Linda Lovelace. And you have to see this girl. She's a beautiful person. She was up in New York in February and she had on army boots and dungaree pants and an army field jacket and a sloppy sweater. She looked like hell, but not to me, not to me. I saw her eyes, I saw her smile, I saw everything there was in her and I said 'this is the star of my next film'." (GETTING INTO DEEP THROAT, Richard Smith, Playboy Press, 1973)

"One person who knew the truth was Gerry Damiano, director of DEEP THROAT. Although Damiano avoids interviews, he was talking about Chuck Traynor to a college audience and his remarks found their way into the BOSTON PHOENIX: 'That man (Chuck Traynor) was a nothing. He had no personality, no charm, no brains. He was just a user of people and he used Linda. He gave her nothing and abused her....Many times she'd come on the set and be completely black and blue.'" (OUT OF BONDAGE, Linda Lovelace, Lyle Stuart, 1986)

"During the filming of DEEP THROAT, actually after the first day, I suffered a brutal beating in my room for smiling on the set. It was a hotel room and the whole crew was in one room, there was at least twenty people partying, music going, laughing, and having a good time. Mr.Traynor started to bounce me off the walls. I figured out of twenty people, there might be one human being that would do something to help me and I was screaming for help, I was being beaten, I was being kicked around and again bounced off of walls. And all of a sudden the room next door became very quiet. Nobody, not one person, came to help me." (FINAL REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL'S COMMISSION ON PORNOGRAPHY, Rutledge Hill Press, 1986)

"Wherever they went, Chuck had insisted that Marilyn be Marilyn Chambers twenty-four hours a day. Being Marilyn Chambers meant answering the door nude when a busboy delivered a room service dinner and telling him, 'Forget the tip. Come into the other room and I'll give you a blow job.'

'To create the perfect porn star, you have to create an image of a totally uninhibited sexual creature who would be happy being anything you wanted her to be', says Chuck Traynor. 'You have to make it so there are no barriers between this chick and the audience, so men will think she'd enjoy doing anything they wanted her to do.'" (BOTTOM FEEDERS, John Hubner, Doubleday, 1992)

"In twenty-five years, Hefner had gone from porn king to kingmaker. But without a star, what did it all add up to? A desire for bestiality? Sodomy with the heroine of DEEP THROAT? Hefner's fervent, unspoken prayers centered on the greatest dreamgirl of all time. (THE KILLING OF THE UNICORN, Peter Bogdanovich, Morrow, 1984)

"This is unbearable. What he felt as he watched you is always being done again and felt again through the pictures -your violation his arousal, your torture his pleasure. Watching you was how he got off doing it; with the pictures he can watch you and get off any time." (ONLY WORDS, Catharine MacKinnon, Harvard,1993)

"You can get back your self-respect and live a normal, decent life. I did. It takes a lot of strength and, for me, a lot of belief in God -but you can survive." (MRS. MARCIANO CALLS HERSELF 'A TYPICAL HOUSEWIFE': THE WORLD KNEW HER AS LINDA LOVELACE, PEOPLE, 1980)

"'I know we've infused our children with enough love to handle the situation', says Linda. 'They are going to know that other person is not their mom. It's just something that happened to their mom.'" (AWAITING A LIVER TRANSPLANT, LINDA LOVELACE MARCHIANO STRUGGLES TO CLOSE THE BOOK ON HER PAST, PEOPLE, 1987)

CHUCK TRAYNOR: "This is a very hard business. I mean Marilyn Chambers has to be Marilyn Chambers 24 hours a day. If you're going to do anything in today's society, you've got to do it all the time, constantly." (HUSTLER INTERVIEW, HUSTLER, 1975)

What will it be today? Do you want to gawk at square fake tits, rib bones and tight asses? Pouty mouths with thick loads and wiggly tongues and doe-dull eyes. Anal? Wet shots? Chicks with dicks? Bi-sexual, bi-racial, big dicks, big clits. Puerto Rican bubble asses and nigger lips.

You want to see her take off her top and watch those lumps not move, see her shimmy like high school outta some tight leather shorts n' straps.

See him bend down into that toilet with three fingers already digging in that fucking distended shit blow hole hair mess. See him get his queasy George Michael face and stubble start to grease with spit and drool and sweat and slap those muscle cheeks hard while he yanks at that long dead dangling cock between his taut thighs?

An ice white cunt with firm hardbody stomach and tits; clipped slit and gym-flex butt like every other cunt in every other box aside from the amateur section.

See him grab those silicone mistakes, see him plod into her female lipstick'd pit. See him rub his hard-on outside of whatever slimy flesh slash she negotiated to sell him and check the splash and jerk land just where directed, almost.

But this one lovely, just like not enough before her, is now dead having suffered through 23 years of blank lovelessness and white noise princessdom. Our pedestaled but desperate dear grasps coquettishly at a personality offered only by death: a suicide fueled by stupidity, sparked by vanity and detonated by disinterest.

Savannah, died Shannon Wilsey, was fairly famous, wasn't she? She dated (...) rock-stars and had the looks that so many sad porno couples and lonely nerd/fat-ass/jock jokes tend to seek out.

A Seven Girl Anal Strap-On Orgy!

(Darby) "I've heard that you and Gacy would have phone sex, is this true?"

(Glen Meadmore) "Oh, well, not necessarily 'phone sex' (...) but we would talk about sexual things, like he'd tell me what his dick looked like. He said he had a big head like a mushroom; he use to call it his 'mush-room'. And when boys would come over he'd say, 'Do you like mushrooms?'"

Other similarly minded sad-rags currently available include CRANK (#2) and GENETIC DISORDER (#12).

CRANK contains an "Interview With A Killer" that makes better reading as someone's over-anxious jerk-off fantasy than actual account:

"The last mental reaction I had was to squeeze my hand shut, and as my hand exited her rectum, it closed onto a handful of flesh, and although it was probably the most pain I have ever felt, including the beatings that bitch gave me, I was re-warded with about a foot and half of that cunt's colon hanging out of her ass."

GENETIC DISORDER devotes about a third of its 80 pages to "True Crime In San Diego" briefly covering celebrities like Craig Peyer, Brenda Spencer and James Huberty as well as the more usual brand of fuck-up.

And the Sept. issue of SPIN is a Manson cover special.